



CREATURES
ON THE LOOSE

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM

25¢ 31 SEPT 02480

CREATURES ON THE LOOSETM

FEATURING



MAN-WOLF

OKAY,
YOU IN BACK--
PIPE DOWN!
ONE MORE
SOUND OUTTA
YOU, AND WE'LL--
HEY! WHO?
WHA??!

STAY BACK!
DON'T..!



THE BEAST WITHIN!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

MAN-WOLF!™

DOUG MOENCH
WRITER

GEORGE TUSKA
ARTIST

VINCE COLLETTA
INKER

MICHELLE BRAND, COLORIST
TOM ORZECOWSKI, LETTERER

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

LAST ISSUE:
SPECIAL POLICE TASK FORCE
INVESTIGATOR SIMON STROUD
FOLLOWED A STRING OF
BIZARRE CLUES LEADING TO
THE BERSERK MAN-WOLF.

A WILD CHASE
THROUGH THE
MIDNIGHT
STREETS OF
MANHATTAN
ENSUED...
CLIMAXING
ATOP THE
MAJESTIC
STATUE OF
LIBERTY.

AND NOW:
STROUD HAS JUST
EVADED THE MAN-
WOLF'S LAST FRENZIED
LUNGE-- A LUNGE
WHICH CATAPULTS THE
BEAST THROUGH THE
FRAGILE RAILING
ENCIRCLING THE
STATUE'S TORCH--

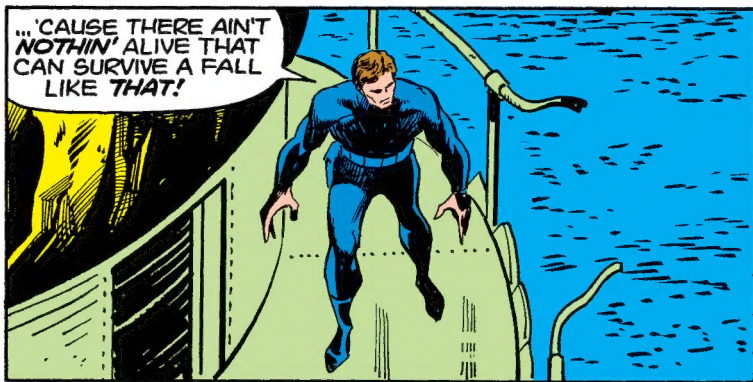
THE BEAST WITHIN!

--AND WHICH **TERMINATES** WITH
A VIOLENT PLUNGE INTO THE
HUDSON RIVER.



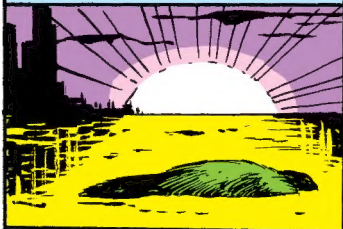
WELL, THAT
SETTLES THAT.

TIME TO SLAP THE
"PERMANENTLY
CLOSED" LABEL ON
MY REPORT FOR
THIS CASE...



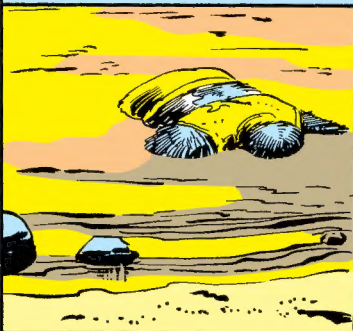
... 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T
NOTHIN' ALIVE THAT
CAN SURVIVE A FALL
LIKE **THAT!**

DAWN STREAKS THE EASTERN
HORIZON WITH FLUSHED
CRIMSON...

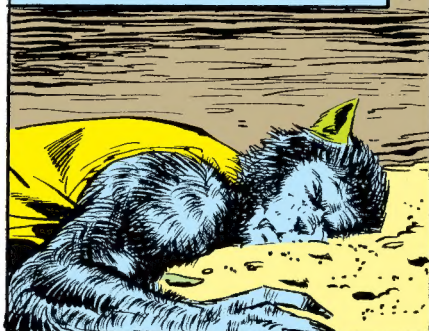


... AS A FORMLESS SHAPE
BOBS IN THE LAPPING WAVES
OF HUDSON BAY..

... A SHAPE WHICH IS SLOWLY
WASHED SHOREWARD--



--AND REVEALED TO BE THE
UNCONSCIOUS MAN-WOLF.

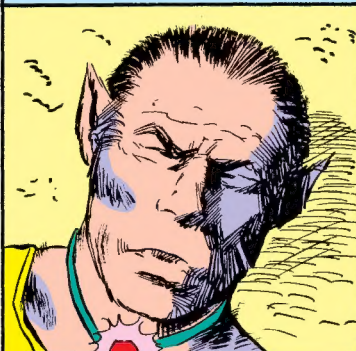


DAWN: THE TIME WHEN THE
RAYS OF A GRADUALLY-BUOYED
SUN--



--PENETRATE A CURIOUS
PENDANT MADE FROM A FRAG-
MENT OF MOON-ROCK...

AN EERIE GLOW RADIATES
FROM THE PENDANT--

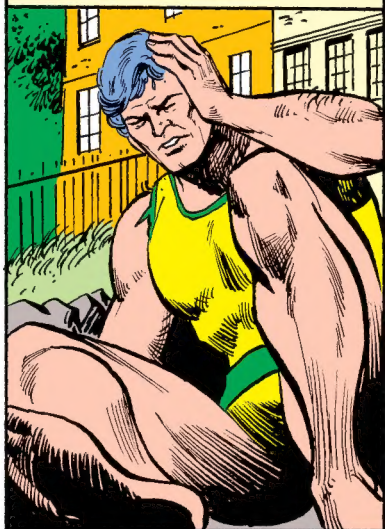


--SIGNIFYING THE
MAN-WOLF'S INCREDIBLE
TRANSFORMATION...



...INTO JOHN JAMESON.

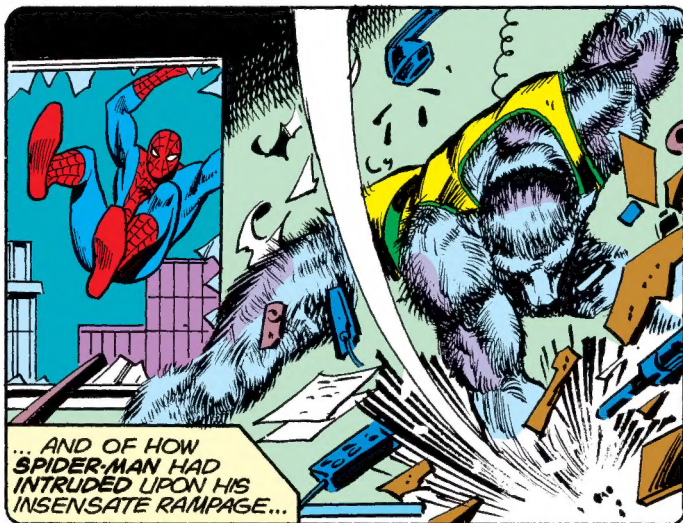
AND RIGHT NOW, JOHN JAMESON IS A MAN SORELY WRACKED NOT ONLY WITH PHYSICAL PAIN, BUT ALSO WITH--



--NIGHTMARISH MEMORIES: OF HIS FIRST CHANGE INTO THE RAVENING BEAST WITHIN HIM...



...OF HOW HE'D ATTACKED HIS OWN FATHER, J. JONAH JAMESON...

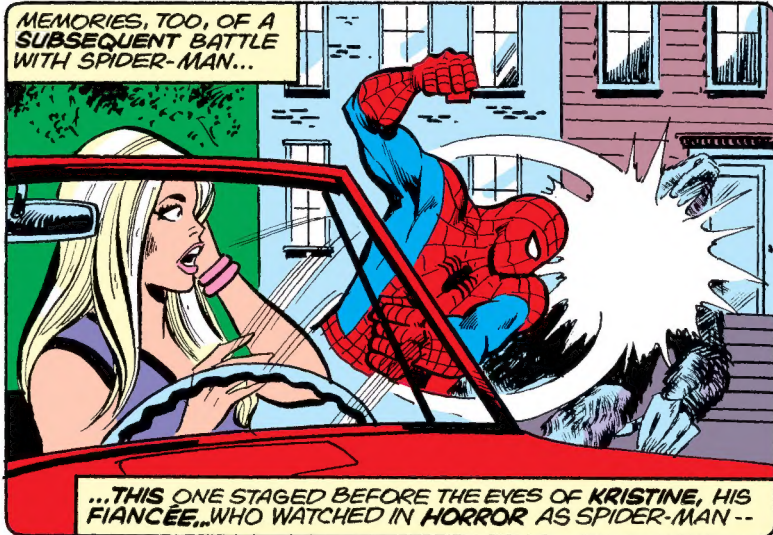


... AND OF HOW SPIDER-MAN HAD INTRUDED UPON HIS INSENSATE RAMPAGE...



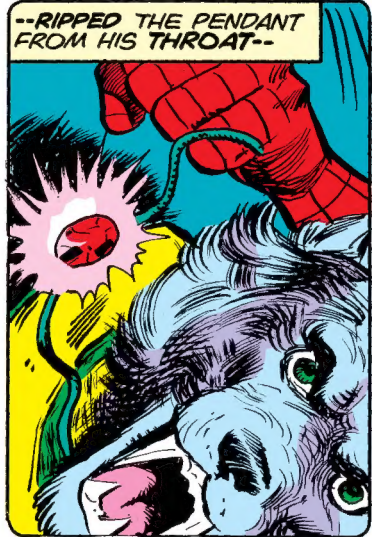
--TO DEFEND JONAH JAMESON.

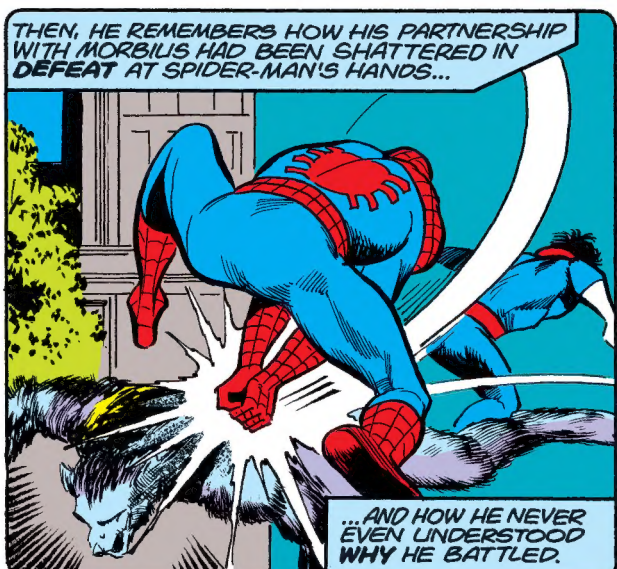
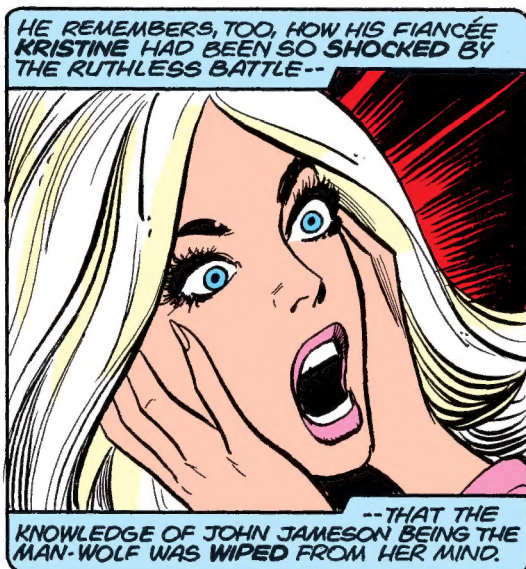
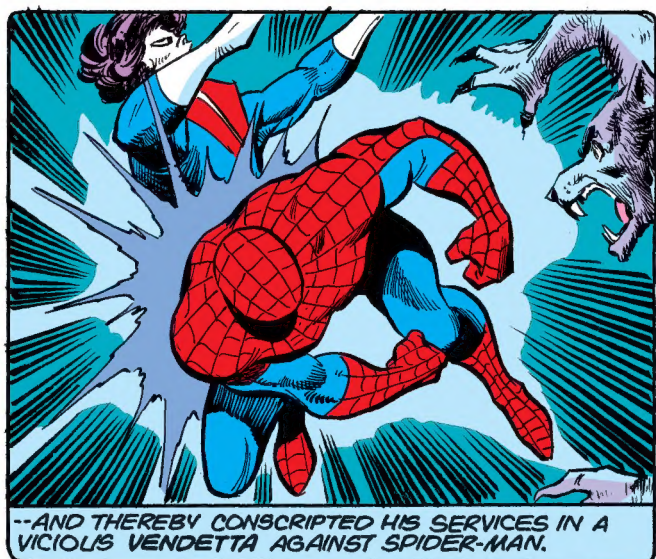
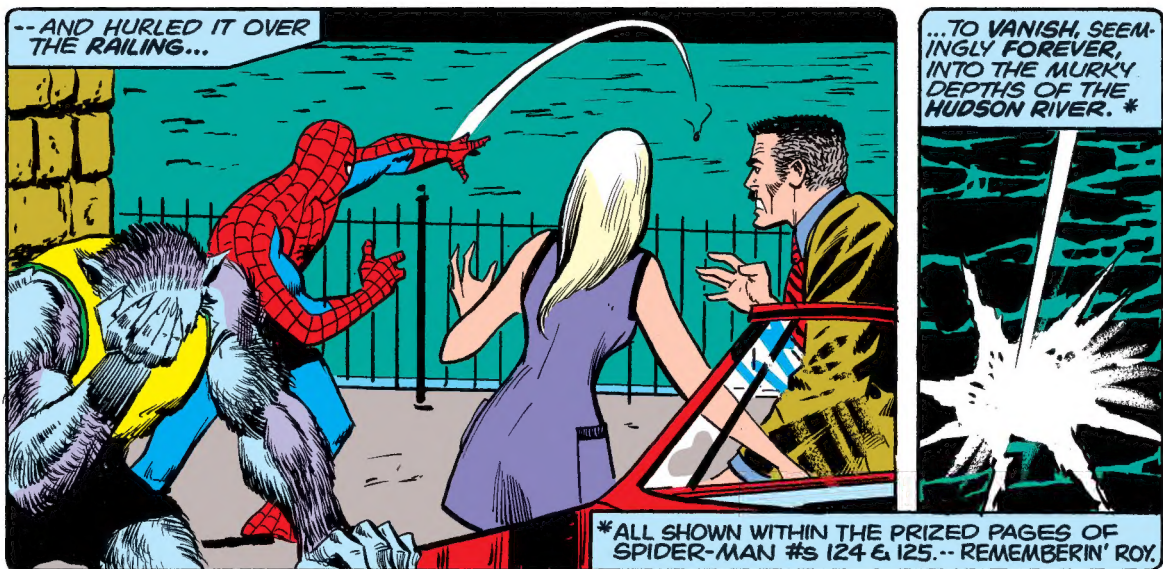
MEMORIES, TOO, OF A SUBSEQUENT BATTLE WITH SPIDER-MAN...



...THIS ONE STAGED BEFORE THE EYES OF KRISTINE, HIS FIANCEE, WHO WATCHED IN HORROR AS SPIDER-MAN--

--RIPPED THE PENDANT FROM HIS THROAT--





AND, FINALLY... HE REMEMBERS THE CONFLICT WITH SIMON STROUD ATOP THE STATUE OF LIBERTY...



... AND HOW IT BROUGHT HIM HERE, ON THE BANK OF HUDSON BAY...



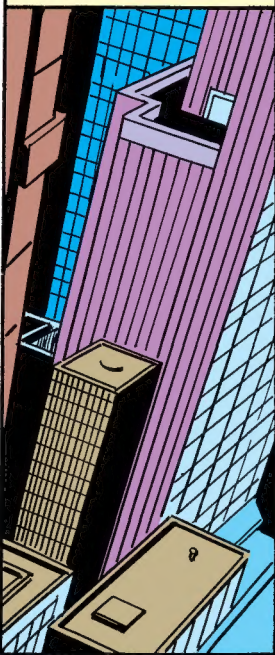
... HALF-DROWNED, HIS SHOULDER WOUNDED BY A BLAST FROM STROUD'S GUN--

-- AND WITH AN ACHING HEAD FULL OF WARPED MEMORIES.



HE SIGHS, AND PICKS HIS WAY UP THE ESCARPMENT.

ONE HOUR LATER: THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN...



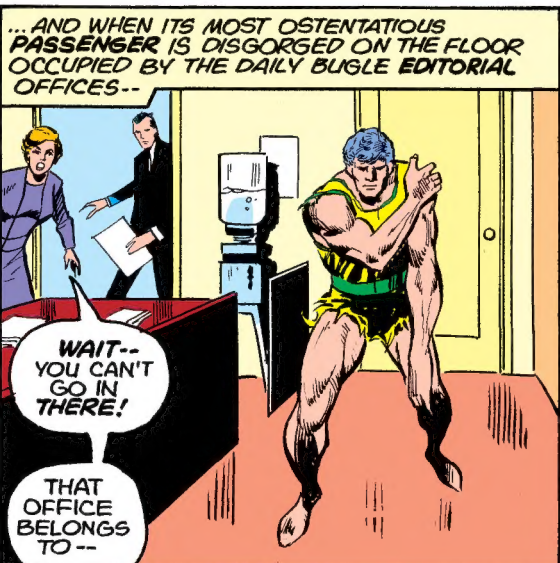
... WHOSE LOBBY IS PRESENTLY THE SITE OF MINGLED CONSTERNATION AND SHOCK.



WHAT KIND OF A GET-UP IS THAT--?

HE--HE'S HURT--!

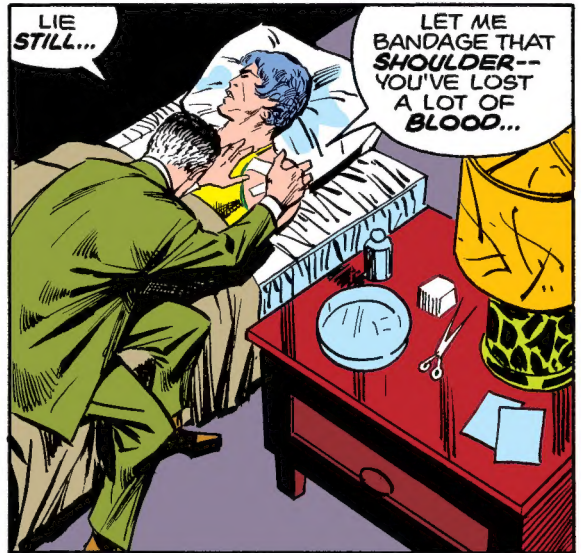
THE ELEVATOR RIDE IS ONE OF NERVOUS SILENCE...



... AND WHEN ITS MOST OSTENTATIOUS PASSENGER IS DISGORGED ON THE FLOOR OCCUPIED BY THE DAILY BUGLE EDITORIAL OFFICES--

WAIT-- YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

THAT OFFICE BELONGS TO --



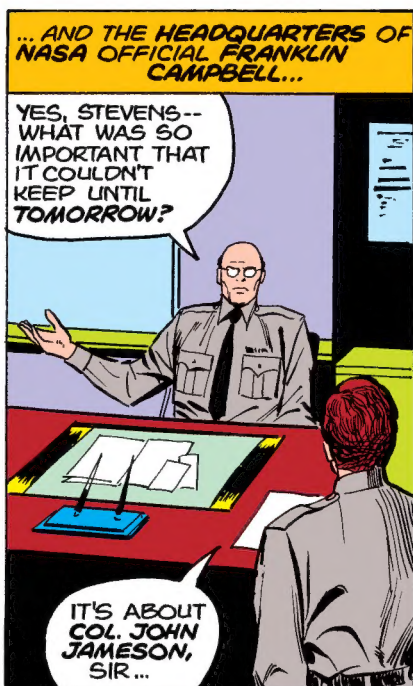


... AND GET SOME SLEEP.

BUT GOD HELP YOU, JOHN, AND KEEP YOU FROM DREAMING.



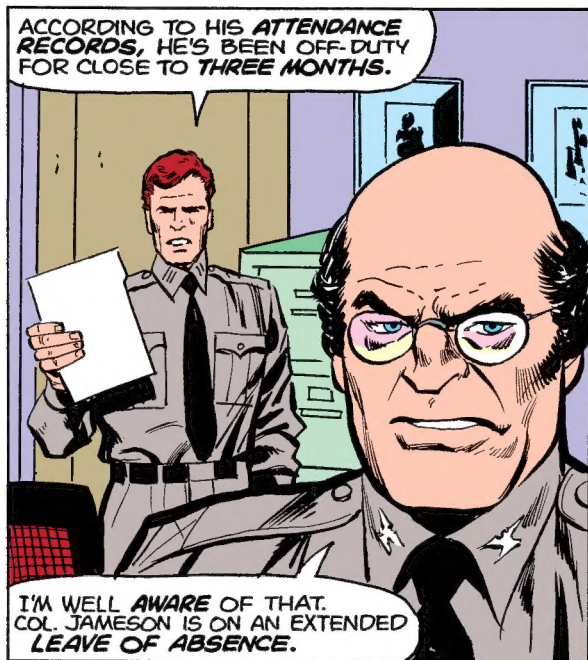
THE CAPE: MAN'S CULTIVATED SPAWNING GROUND FOR THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE...



... AND THE HEADQUARTERS OF NASA OFFICIAL FRANKLIN CAMPBELL...

YES, STEVENS-- WHAT WAS SO IMPORTANT THAT IT COULDN'T KEEP UNTIL TOMORROW?

IT'S ABOUT COL. JOHN JAMESON, SIR...



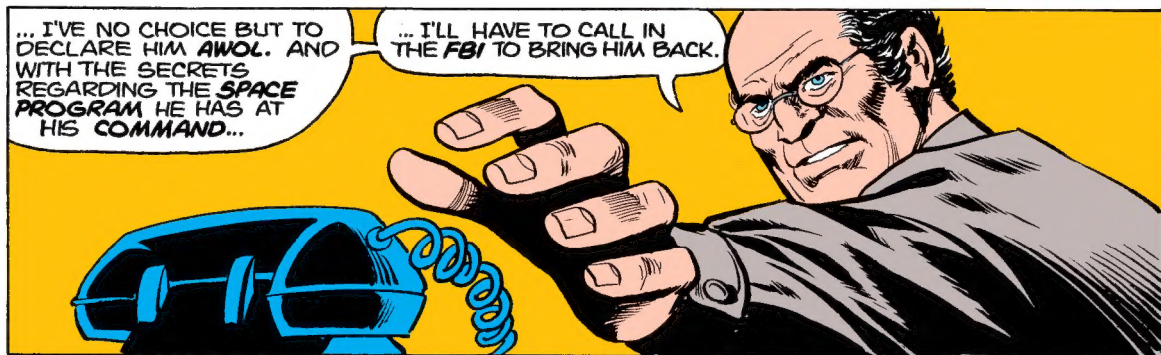
ACCORDING TO HIS ATTENDANCE RECORDS, HE'S BEEN OFF-DUTY FOR CLOSE TO THREE MONTHS.

I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT. COL. JAMESON IS ON AN EXTENDED LEAVE OF ABSENCE.



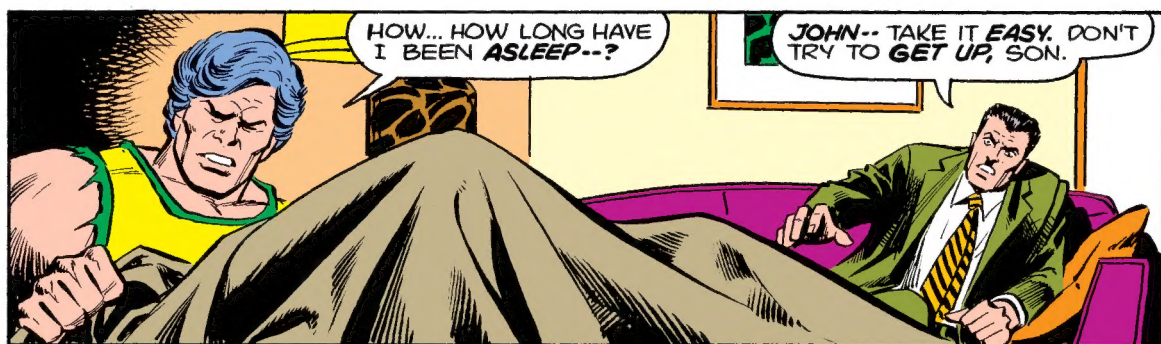
NOT ANY LONGER, SIR. HE WAS NOTIFIED TO REPORT FOR DUTY TWO WEEKS AGO.

AND HE STILL HASN'T SHOWN UP? WELL, THAT SETTLES IT...

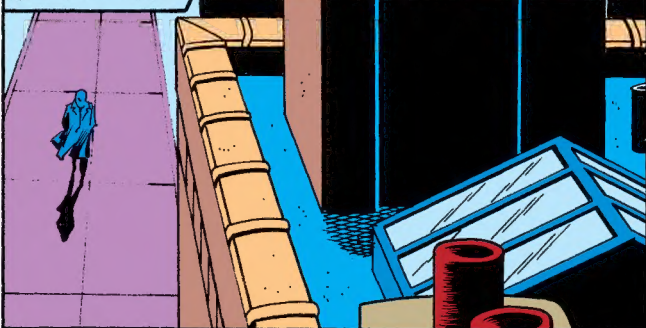


... I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO DECLARE HIM AWOL. AND WITH THE SECRETS REGARDING THE SPACE PROGRAM HE HAS AT HIS COMMAND...

... I'LL HAVE TO CALL IN THE FBI TO BRING HIM BACK.



IT IS A CHILL, **BLUSTERY** WIND WHICH RACES DOWN THE GRITTY GRAY AVENUES OF LATE-AFTERNOON MANHATTAN...



... AND NOWHERE IS THAT BLEAK WIND FELT MORE THAN ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE... OR IN THE SOUL OF JOHN JAMESON.

CHECKING THE MORNING'S MAIL SEEMS SOMEHOW... **LUDICROUS** NOW.



AND EVEN THE VERY ACT OF RETURNING HOME IS NOT QUITE --



--WHAT IT ONCE WAS.

GOOD LORD--
WHAT'S HAPPENED
HERE--?! WHO
COULD HAVE
DONE THIS?

I... I CAN'T REMEMBER...
BUT... BUT IT **MUST** HAVE
BEEN ME...

... AS THE
MAN-WOLF!

MY AIR FORCE UNIFORM...

THE ONE
THING THAT
SYMBOLIZES
EVERYTHING
I **AM**...
TORN TO
SHREDS.

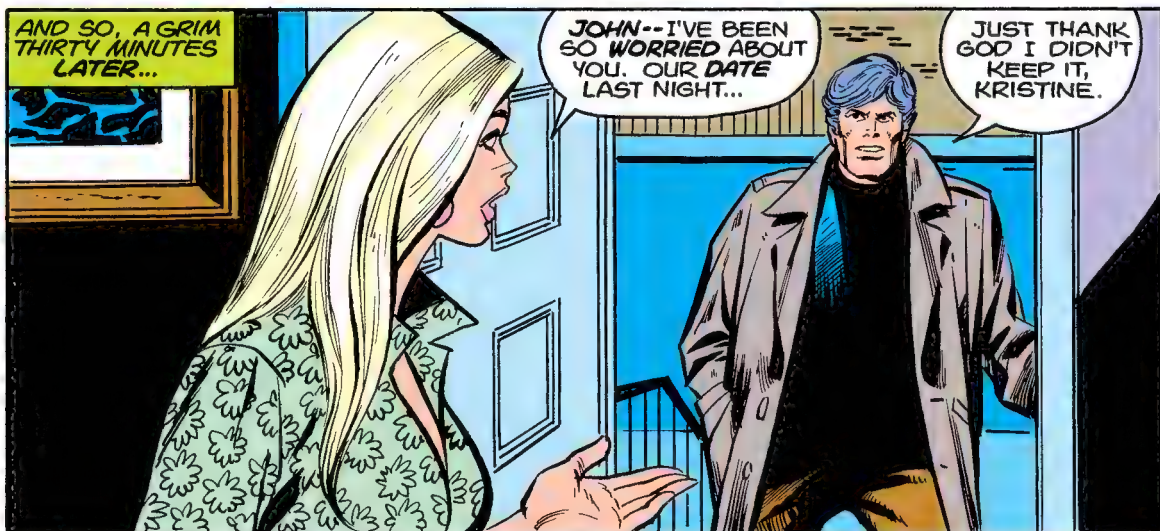
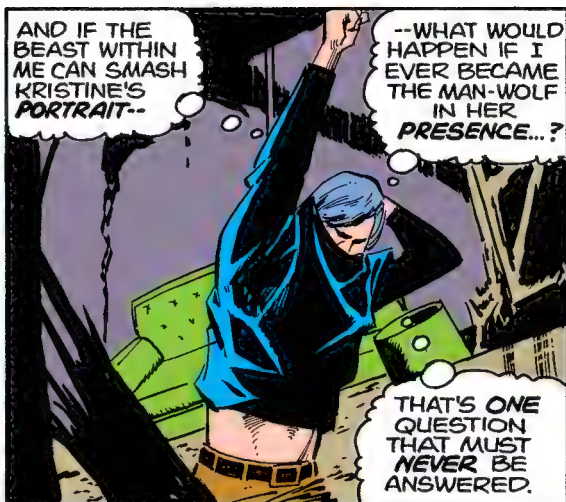
DOES THE
MAN-WOLF
HATE ME
THAT
MUCH--?!

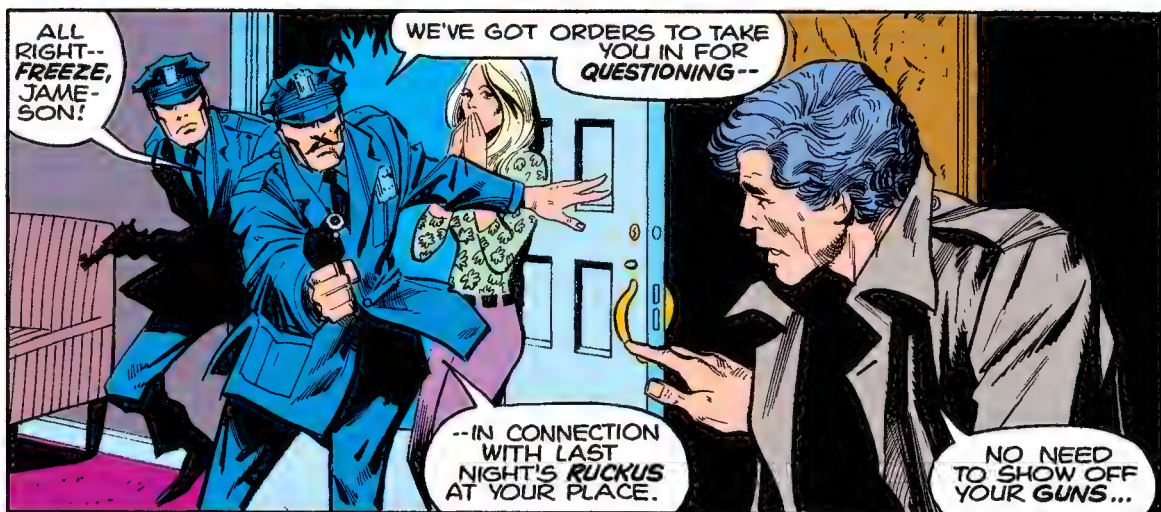
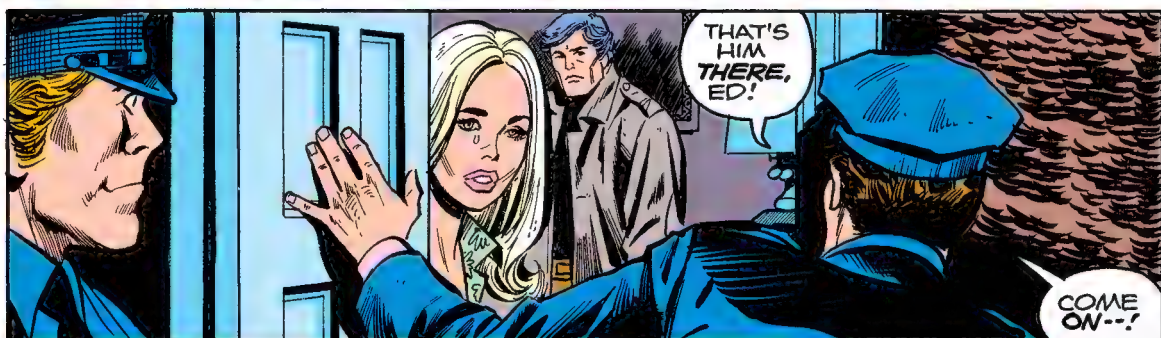
AND THIS
PORTRAIT--
OF
KRISTINE...

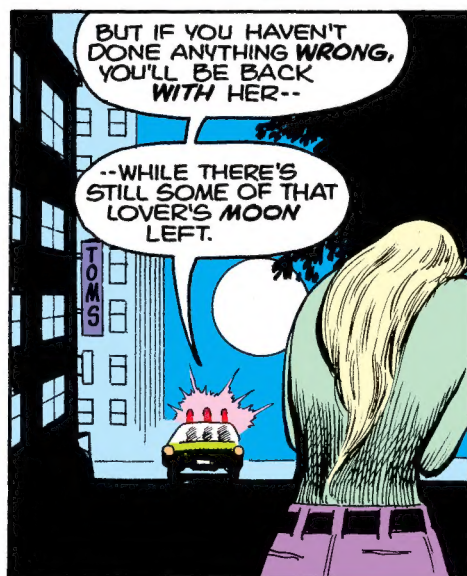
**SMASHED
IN RAGE--!**

HOW CAN THE MAN-WOLF
SO **DESPISE** THE ONE
PERSON I LOVE...?





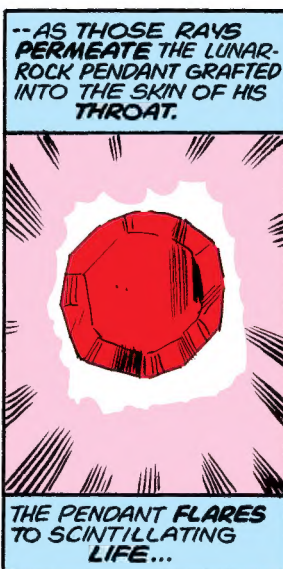






THE PATROLMEN LAPSE INTO SILENCE
THEN, THEIR HARD EYES CONFINED TO
THE STREET AHEAD...

...WHILE IN THE BACK SEAT, JOHN
JAMESON SITS BATHED IN THE RAYS
OF THE MOON... AND A COLD SWEAT--



--AS THOSE RAYS
PERMEATE THE LUNAR-
ROCK PENDANT GRAFTED
INTO THE SKIN OF HIS
THROAT.

THE PENDANT FLARES
TO SCINTILLATING
LIFE...



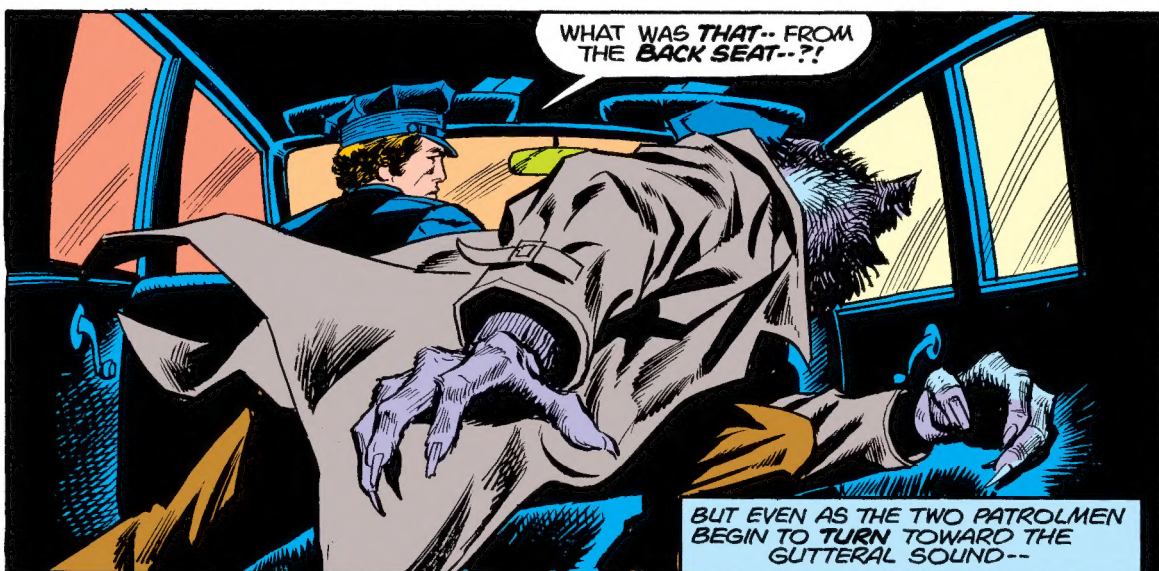
... AND ONCE AGAIN
JOHN JAMESON'S
LIFE--



--UNDERGOES A
HORRIBLY MIRACULOUS
TRANSFORMATION...



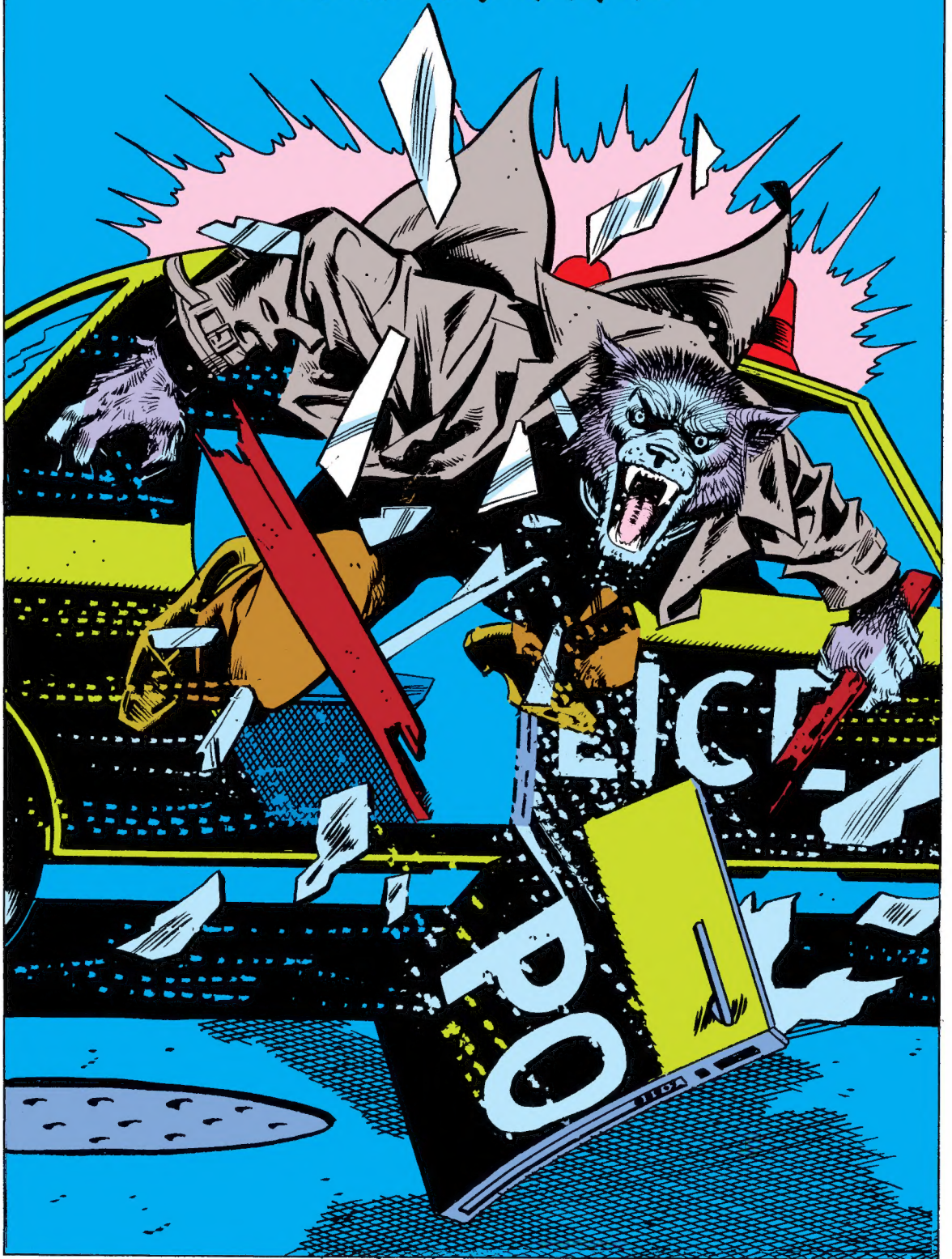
...INTO A--

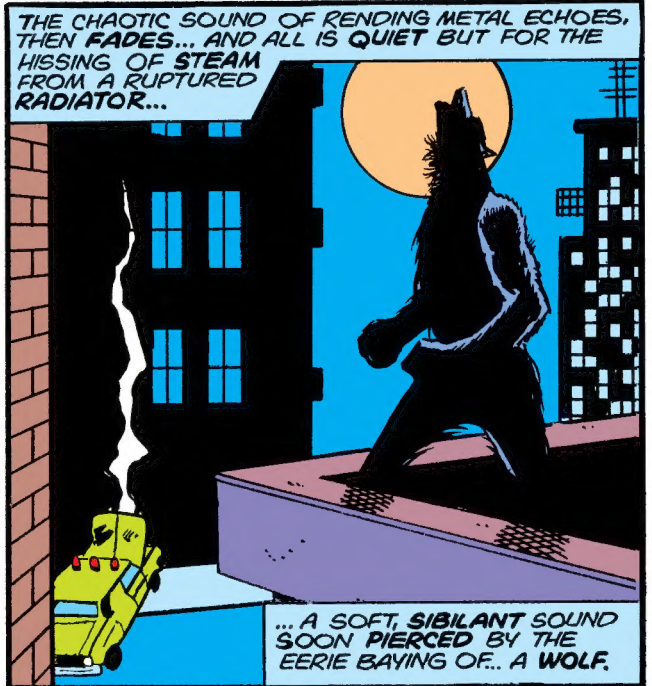
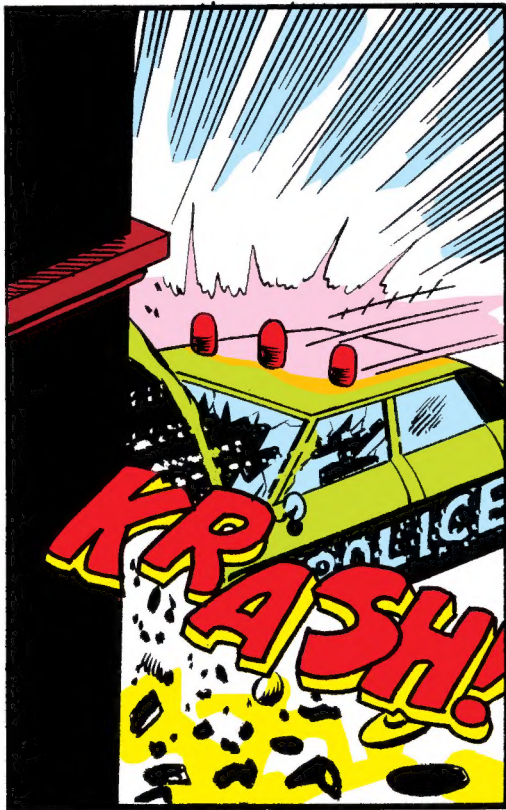
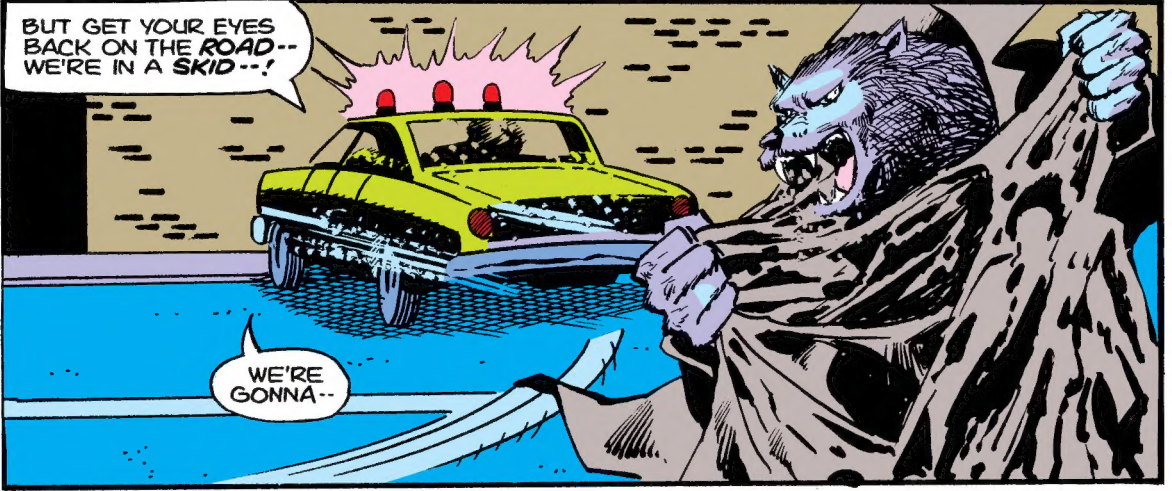
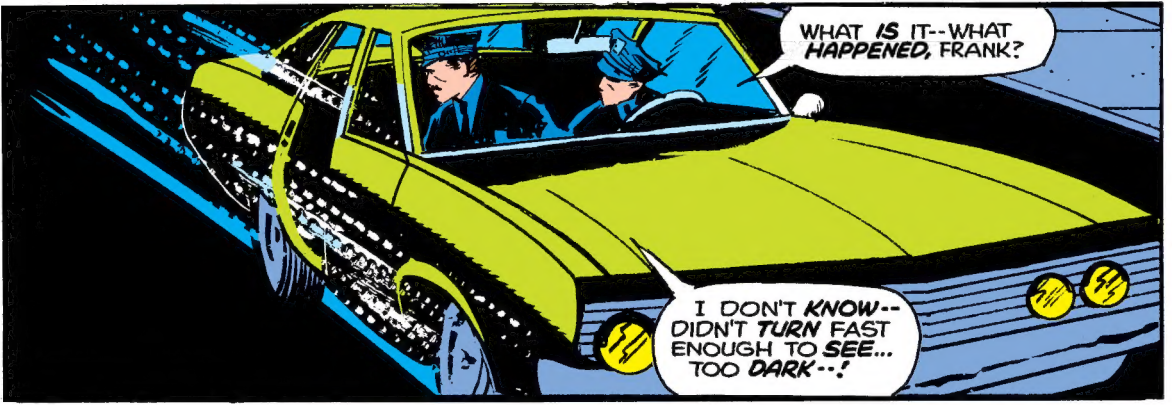


WHAT WAS THAT-- FROM
THE BACK SEAT--?!

BUT EVEN AS THE TWO PATROLMEN
BEGIN TO TURN TOWARD THE
GUTTERAL SOUND--

--THE LINEARTHLY AUTHOR OF THAT
SOUND SPECTACULARLY BURSTS FREE
OF THE SQUAD CAR!





NEXT:
KRAVEN THE HUNTER!